

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1916.

UNDER COVER OF THIS HEAVY FOG WE SHALL ESCAPE THE RUFFIAN!

WATCH YOUR STEP!

THOSE VOICES SOUND STRANGELY FAMILIAR!

CURSES! WHERE AM I?

(HE'S IN THE FOG SOMEWHERE BUT IT'S USELESS TO STRAIN YOUR EYES)

HAIRBREADTH HARRY - SOME TIMES IT'S LUCKY TO STALL YOUR MOTOR, MATES!



OH DEAR, THIS IS THE WORST FOG IN TWENTY YEARS AND HARRY IS OUT FISHING

CURSES, HE SHALL NEVER REACH SHORE ALIVE!

VERY DIRTY WEATHER WE'RE HAVING! FOG THICKER 'N A FLAX-SEED POULTICE AND A SEA ROUGHER 'N THE TYROLEAN ALPS! HEAVEN HELP ANY STRAY CRAFT TRYING TO MAKE SHORE ON SUCH A NIGHT!



HIS ONLY CHANCE OF FINDING THE LANDING IS IN THE FOG HORN

HO-ONNK

YEA, AND TO MAKE THINGS WORSE, OUR HERO IS OUT FISHING IN AN OPEN BOAT, BUT BELINDA, OUR BEAUTIFUL HEROINE WILL GUIDE HIM TO SAFETY WITH HER TRUSTY FOG HORN.



UNHAND THAT FOG HORN!

CRUEL MAN! DO NOT TAKE MY FOG HORN FROM ME!

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT A DARK RUFFIAN WRESTLED THE PRECIOUS INSTRUMENT FROM HER!!



GIVE ME BACK MY FOG HORN!

NEVER!

NOW WHAT'LL BECOME OF OUR HERO! WITH NO FOG HORN TO GUIDE HIM HOW CAN HE EVER FIND THE LANDING ON THAT ROCK BOUND COAST? NO WONDER BELINDA IS HOTFOOTING IT AFTER RUDY.



OH MERCY! I ALREADY HEAR HIM APPROACHING AND I AM POWERLESS TO PREVENT HIS DOOM!

CURSES! WITH BELINDA'S FOG HORN I WILL LURE HIM ON THESE ROCKS TO DESTRUCTION!

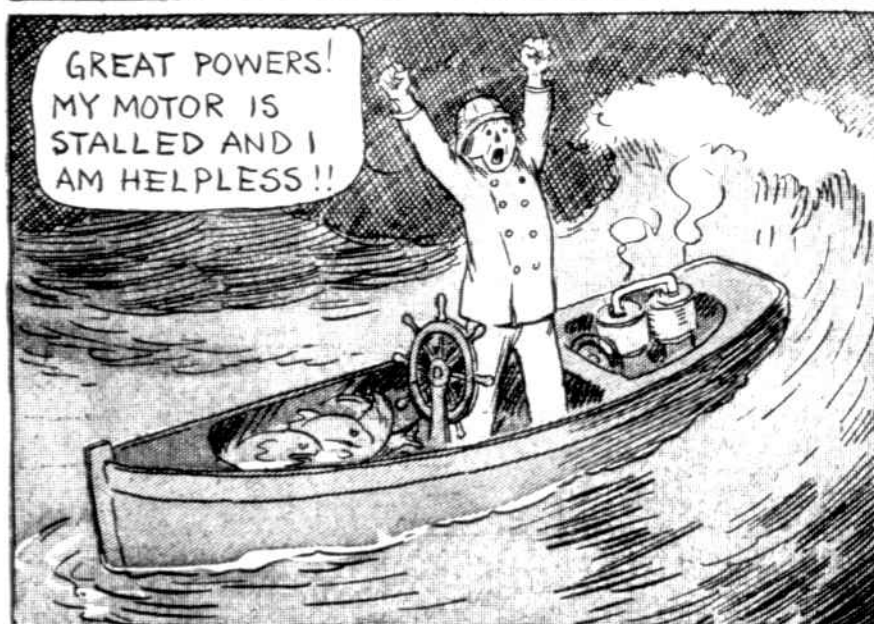
HO-O-N-K

OH, SWEET SPIRITS OF NITRE! NOW SEE THE FULL FELLNESS OF HIS FELL PURPOSE! THAT PRINCE OF DARKNESS IS SOME FELL FELLER, WITH A BRAND OF WICKEDNESS WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.



WORST FOG I EVER SAW BUT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STEER STRAIGHT FOR THE SOUND OF BELINDA'S HORN FOR THE LANDING

SWOSH! WHAT A NIGHT! OUR HERO CAN'T SEE THE END OF HIS NOSE BUT HE'S GUIDING HIS CRAFT STRAIGHT TOWARD THE SOUND OF BELINDA'S TRUSTY FOG HORN, BLOWING LUSTILY AHEAD, (BY RUDOLPH)



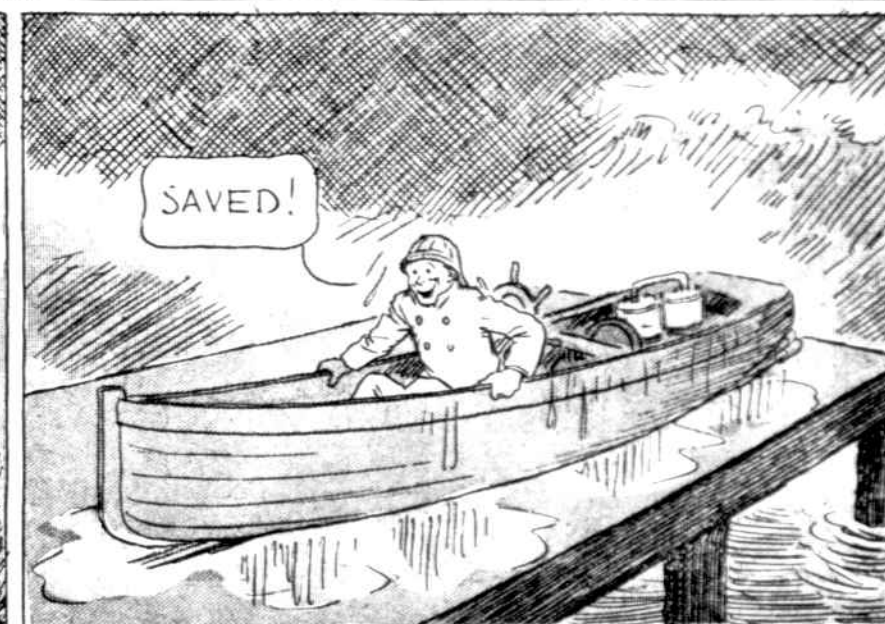
GREAT POWERS! MY MOTOR IS STALLED AND I AM HELPLESS!!

OH SWOZZLE! SUDDENLY HIS ENGINE WENT DEAD AND STAYED DEAD!!!



GREAT GUNS! THE HORN GROWS FAINTER AND I'LL BE DASHED ON THE ROCKS!

HE WAS NOW TOSSED ABOUT HITHER AND YON, HELPLESS ON THE SEETHING BRINE, AWAITING HIS TERRIBLE FATE, WHEN A MIGHTY WAVE CAUGHT UP HIS DINKY CRAFT LIKE A COCKLE SHELL AND—



SAVED!

— LANDED IT HIGH AND DRY ON THE FAMILIAR LANDING PLACE!!!



THERE IS DIRTY WORK HERE! THE HORN IS BLOWING UP BY THE ROCKS!

"BELINDA IS PLAYING ME FALSE!" WITH THESE RASPING WORDS OUR HERO PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER AND BEAT IT TOWARD THE ROCKS WHERE THE FOG HORN WAS STILL TOOTING.



HARRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DROWNED

BELINDA! I SEE IT ALL NOW!

HA! I DON'T HEAR HIS MOTOR ANYMORE! HE MUST HAVE GONE DOWN

BUT SOON HE TOOK IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE! FOR WAS NOT BELINDA OVERJOYED AT HIS PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE AND WAS NOT RUDOLPH ON THE ROCKS BUSILY BLOWING THE FOG HORN? YEBETCHA!



WASN'T IT LUCKY YOUR MOTOR STOPPED

HEY, BO! KNOCK OFF! I'VE LANDED!

YES, CHILDREN, WICKEDNESS IS IT'S OWN SLAPSTICK, WHILE TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH BOUNCES BACK AND SWATS THE CRUSHER, WHICH EXPLAINS WHY RELENTLESS RUDOLPH IS SO CHAGRINED.



MERCY! RUDOLPH'S PERISCOPE IS FOLLOWING ME!



CURSES! NOTHING CAN SAVE HER!

PERISCOPE



I'LL GET THAT SUB-MARINE BEFORE HE GETS BELINDA

DESTROYER